SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Williamson, Pa.

Dear EVANGELIST ever welcome in our home. We are always glad when the evening arrives for it to come. There is always so much encouragement and good news in it that we are glad to read. We notice in this weeks issue that Bro. I. D. Bowman is going to leave us. We are sorry that he is going so far away, but we still have that blessed hope that if we are not permitted to meet in this world we rejoice to know that we have a hope of meeting in a brighter and better world, where parting will be known no more. We hope and pray that the Lord will bless and prosper Bro. Bowman wherever he is.

Our little flock is still increasing in number and zeal. I believe the Spirit of God is with us and if we are earnest in the work it will set the whole church on fire of love. Pray for us brethren and sisters that we may be strengthened and that our flock may increase in number and in zeal.

SISTER MUSSELMAN.

A Bright Home.

Nursery and play-rooms should have plenty of sunshine. The ancient Athenians attributed much of their beauty and health to sun-baths, which were taken regularly. In some hospitals there is a uniform system of "sun-cure," where the patient is subjected to direct rays of the sun for different lengths of time. Little children should have plenty of sunshine. It is just as necessary in order to make them strong and healthy, as to insure the growth and strength of a plant.

We live too much in the dark. It is fashionable to have the shades drawn down, and so we draw them down regardless of the fact that we are shutting out health and freshness and sweetness, and inviting mustiness and gloom and disease to our homes.

Have the walls of the nursery painted or kalsomined: never paper them, for paper often contains poisonous coloring matter. An instance of its effect was recently shown in the little child of a friend. Mischievous, as all babies are, he secured the wash-rag in his mothers absence and industriously washed the wall-paper (which was of a brown and gold color) sucking the rag at intervals. Though the mother was away but a few minutes, the child had taken enough poison into its system to throw it into convulsions and seriously endanger its life.

See that your house is furnished so that every part can be used, and so thet the children will feel at home and at liberty to play and enjoy themselves.

The happiest home I know is one that is comfortably and tastefully but luxuriously furnished, where the boys have their corner and plenty of places to put things, and where they can invite their friends. A part of their bedroom is fitted up in winter as a shop, where they can enjoy themselves without the fear of spoiling or breaking things. They are the envy and their mother is the admiration of their boy friends, all of whom say they like to visit here better than any place else. The home is not as showy as many another, but from its door will issue men that will be nobler, gentler, better men, for the kindly interest and thoughtfulness of the mother's love that could make "a place for the boys."—G. E. Symonds, in Woman.

"Take a Sheep."

A farmer once employed a young man to labor upon his farm without inquiring as to his habits, and upon learning that he was addicted somewhat to drinking, the farmer offered him as a reward a choice sheep if he would refrain from drinking during the summer. A grown son of the farmer, on hearing this said:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will not drink this season?"

"Yes," replied the father, "you may have a sheep."

Then a little son spoke up and said:

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son, you shall have a sheep, also."

After a moments pause the little boy turned to his father and said:

"Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

There are a good many fathers who should "take a sheep."—Sel.

Little Hands are Strong.

Among the many singular incidents in connection with a recent remarkable revival of religion are these:

A bright little girl, only four years of age, spent part of a day at the house of a neighbor. At dinner Mr. B—— helped the plates and commenced eating as usual, but noticed that little Nellie sat as if waiting for something. At length, looking earnestly at him, she said, "Mr. B——, ain't you going to say words before you eat? Papa always does." This cut him to the heart, and eventually led to both his and his wife's conversion. Both are now earnest workers for the Master.

Another family, living in the country, scarcely ever attended church, and "cared for none of these things." The husband was a very profane man. The first time his little boy heard him, in a frightened manner he said, "Oh, pa, why do you say such naughty words? Don't you know the bad man will get you if you talk so?" The Spirit used the words of the child. He resolved to quit swearing, asking the Lord to help him. He and his wife talked over their manner of life, and commenced reading the Bible and attending church. They were ready for the revival, and now, with their two daughters, are in church. They also have a church at home—the family altar.

A host of similar incidents show how true to nature the above statements are, and parents would do well to heed the artless protests of their little ones against their untruthfulness, dishonesty, and selfishness.—Sel.

MARRIED.

EHRESMAN-EHRESMAN.—At the residence of Christian H. Ehresman, Dec. 9, 1888, by Rev. J. L. Kimmel, Mr. Henry Ehresman and Miss Catherine Ehresman, both of Rossville, Ind.

MICHAEL-ABBEY.—At the residence of the brides mother, Dec. 12, 1888, Mr. Charles W. Michael and Miss Lilly M. Abbey, both of Rossville, Ind.

J. L. KIMMEL.

OUR DEAD.

LEHMAN.—Samuel H. Lehman, son of Eld. H. B. Lehman, died Dec. 2, aged 6 years, 3 months and 11 days. Funeral services by the writer from 2 Kings, 4:12.

S. T. GROVE.

Marcus, Iowa.

EARLY.—At his home on west Jefferson street, in Kokomo, Ind., Thursday morning, Nov. 22th, 1888, Bro. Jacob Early. I never saw Bro. Early in this life, but it was said of him, that he was one of nature's noblemen, of cheerful disposition and he lived a blameless life and went down to death's door at the good old age of 82 years, 3 months and 27 days. Funeral by

WM. W. SUMMERS.

HART.—In the Brethren Church, at Homer, Dec. 14, 1888, Sister Eliza Hart, aged 32 years, 10 months and 10 days. She leaves a husband and two daughters to mourn her loss. She gave her heart to Jesus, and her hand to the church during a protracted meeting held in the winter of 1885, by the pastor, and remained a consistent member of the church here until the day of her death, and passed away in the triumphs of a living faith. She expressed a desire to be absent from the body, and be present with the Lord. Her funeral was largely attended by the church, neighbors and friends. We have lost one of our number, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for if her sun did set at midday, he will rise again to shine with brighter luster and beauty, to set no more forever. Funeral service by the pastor.

H. S. JACOBS.

ESHLEMAN.—Near Akron, Ind., Dec. 8, 1888, Susan Eshleman, wife of George Eshleman and daughter of Joseph and Amelia Dicerhoof. Susan Eshleman was born in Portage Co., Ohio, Nov. 28, 1851, and moved to Indiana with her parents, March 25th, 1866, and wasmarried to George Eshelman, January 20th, 1876. To them was born two children, one son and one daughter. She left a husband, two children, father, mother, three brothers and two sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Disease, consumption. Two days before her death she sent for the writer, and requested to be baptized. Her request was complied with the same night. She was immersed in a box in her room, and was carried from her chair to the water and back again. Susan was 37 years and 10 days old. Funeral discourse by the undersigned, to a large concourse of sympathizing friends and neighbors.

NOAH HEETER.

SIMMONS.—Nov. 4th, 1888, Joseph Simmons, aged 28 years, 5 month and 3 days. Bro. Simmons was a sufferer from that terrible disease consumption. He was baptized by Bro. Hildebrand the first week of August, 1888, and was the first person I ever saw baptized in the state of Indiana. His sufferings were intense but he was perfectly resigned to the will of God. I visted him frequently and prayed at his side, when on one occasion he told me those cheering and consoling words "I am not afraid to die." Oh who can realize the weight of those words? They are worth more than the wealth of the whole world. Bro. Simmons manifested his sentiments by selecting the following hymn to be sung at his funeral.

I hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest,
Lay down thou weary one lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad.
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

J. L. KIMMEL.

Christian Perfection.

Christian perfection consists in realizing Christ fully in his several relations to us.

He is our Way; we walk in him.

He is our Truth; we embrace him.

He is our Life; we live in him.

He is our Lord; we choose him to rule over us.

He is our Master; we obey him.

He is our Teacher; instructing us in all that relates to the present.

He is our Prophet; pointing out the way.

He is our Priest; having atoned for our sins and depravity.

He is our Advocate; ever living to make intercession for us.

He is our Saviour; saving to the uttermost.

He is our Root; from him we grow.

He is our Rock; we build on him.

He is our Bread; we feed on him.

He is our Door; we enter the fold by him.

He is our Shepherd; leading us into green pastures, and beside still waters.

He is the True Vine; we abide in him.

He is the Water of Life; we slake our thirst for him.

He is the fairest among Ten Thousand; we admire him above everything else.

He is the Brightness of his Father's Glory, and the express image of his person; we reflect his likeness.

He is the unholder of All Things; we rest on him.

He is our Wisdom; we are guided by him.

He is our Righteousness; we cast all our imperfections on him.

He is our Sanctificatian; we draw all the sources of a holy life from him.

He is our Redeemer; redeeming us from all iniquity.

He is our Healer; healing all our diseases.

He is the Son of Righteousness; cheering us on the way.

He is our Friend; relieving us in all our necessities.

He is our Brother; assisting us in all our difficulties.

And when we need him no more on earth he is the Lamb in the Midst of the Throne, leading us into living fountains of water. —Sel.

"For there was never yet a Philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently." Perhaps not—but there's little wit in enduring it at all, when one bottle of Salvation Oil will cure it.

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With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

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Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

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